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Barbara
Behr:

Bondage Photographer

AN HOM PUBLICATION 

VOLUME ONE NUMBER TWO
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JUST GOOD FRIENDS

THE FEMININE TOUCH
JENNIFER MANN...BARE & BOUND
BONDAGE FICTION: THE VELVET TRAP



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From the editor

Luckily shooting bondage photographs is fun! And after twelve years there are still more beautiful girls to go after, more stimulating poses, new bondage devices, another pair of heels to make her legs look gorgeous, and another hundred foot roll of rope luring me to the studio.
With a lot of help from friends, I present to you herewith six lovely damsels in the distress their friends put them in.

Barbara

Rules of the game

All games have their rules and the bondage game is no exception. The primary rule is that all people willingly consent to all activities. Without consent it is no longer fun and games, it's assault and rape, something the law has no sense of humor about. Neither do we.

It is important to remember that magazines and films are usually done by experts and often positions shown, drawn or described for their fantasy value may be impossible, too strenuous or even extremely DANGEROUS for the novice to attempt! As an example, some people can easily be bound with their elbows touching each other behind their back, while others may suffer serious injury from that same position. Every body is different in structure,

circulation and pain tolerance. Therefore NEVER assume that because a professional can attain a position for our fantasies, it is safe or even possible for you or your slaves.

Avoid positions where someone may be injured if they slip or fall, especially ropes or straps around the neck. Loss of footing in the "arms pulled up behind" position can result in dislocated shoulders! THINK before you act. Carelessness could allow fun and games to turn into lawsuits, a jail sentence or even a human life on your conscience! A WILLING PARTNER IS TOO PRECIOUS TO HURT WITH A THOUGHTLESSLY PLACED ROPE!

Always know your slave's limits and NEVER EXCEED THEM! Use "safe" words that are agreed upon before each

session. They allow a partner to stop the proceedings if things are going too far. The two most commonly used of these are "Mercy" and "Mercy Master". If during a session the slave said, "no, please stop, it hurts," the action would continue. If she said, "Mercy Master," the activity in progress would either be reduced or eliminated but the session and mood would continue uninterrupted. "Mercy" means the session is over, stop everything now! Words can also be agreed to meaning 'more,' 'tighter' or 'harder.' If a gag is used, an object being held can be dropped or unreal sounding hums in a pattern can be agreed upon.

Observing these few common-sense rules and using a bit of consideration for the feelings of your partner will lead to a safe and mutually satisfying relationship.

Barbara Behr: Bondage Photographer

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Jennifer Mann: Bare & Bound



To say Jennifer was nervous when her boyfriend brought her in is an understatement. She really didn't expect to do something as private as their "game" naked and in front of my camera.



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The Velvet Trap

HOM Fiction
by Lee St. Mark



Illustration: Lou Kagan

CLARISSA McDERMIT HAD A PROBLEM—she was hopelessly in love with her employer. With most men it wouldn't have been a problem, since Clarissa had the face of an angel, the body of a harem girl, and the hidden passion of a volcano. Long chestnut hair covered her back like a cape, and she should have been able to attract the attention of any male. But it hadn't worked out with Al Sykes.

She couldn't figure out what she was doing wrong. She was highly intelligent, so she knew she didn't turn him off by being stupid. She knew she had a nice body and nice features. He had to be able to see her interest. So why didn't he notice she was alive? In all her twenty-two years she had never met a man who made her feel like he did - but he never even noticed her.

In actual fact, Al had noticed her just fine, but he wasn't about to do anything about it. He was a cocksman of some repute, and he would have loved a romp with Clarissa, but he had a policy against messing with the hired help, no matter how tempting it was. It took a great deal of self-control to ignore the availability signals she was putting out, but he'd managed. So far.

Clarissa almost despaired of attracting him. In desperation, she unburdened her troubled heart to her roommate, Kate Westerhouse. Kate was far more experienced than she - maybe she'd know how to get Al's attention.

"So that's it," Clarissa said. "I'd done everything but a strip tease and he's never noticed. What am I doing wrong?"

"Nothing," Kate said, brushing her hair slow. "Everything you've done so far should have worked. Maybe you just need a more drastic approach."

"Like what?"

"That depends on how serious you are." Clarissa's eyes expressed her seriousness, and Kate nodded. "Well, it may not be the most fun in the world, but there's one way that *never* fails. . . ."

Later, Clarissa could never quite understand how she'd come to accept Kate's advice. It was so - so *bizarre!* But Kate was right, it certainly ought to work. All she needed was an opportunity, and she found that all right, the next weekend. Al would be working that Saturday while everyone else in the plant was gone - all she needed to do was be waiting for him when he arrived.

By the time Clarissa heard feet on the floor outside the office, she wasn't at all sure she *hadn't* made a terrible mistake. She was sunk in a dull pain, for the hot spurts in her outraged shoulders had been replaced by the dull, numb ache of choked circulation and long term stress. Her earlier eroticism had vanished in the face of the realities of pain - and the knowledge of approaching humiliation when her boss opened his door and saw her there! Every reaction trained into her from childhood said what she was doing was wrong, dirty, even sinful. It was demeaning and degrading. Yet her need for Al Sykes had driven her to do it, and she could only curse herself for a fool and curse Kate for suggesting it.

The door opened and Al Sykes stepped in, carrying a briefcase. He glanced at his desk and froze, taking in the dangling beauty hanging from the ceiling behind it. His briefcase thudded to the floor as he stared.

She was worth staring at. The ropes and cuffs emphasized Clarissa's soft beauty and classic bone structure, just as the tiny, white satin triangles of her lingerie covered her treasures without hiding them. She was coated with sweat from the stress of her night of suspension bondage, and she gleamed under the lights. Al stared about the office as if expecting someone to attack him from a corner, then walked slowly towards her, face incredulous.

Clarissa wanted to die! In her fantasies she hadn't pictured it happening quite this way. Al was supposed to be so smitten with her that he raced to her, ripped off her clothing and his, and fucked her passionately. He wasn't supposed to be so dumb-founded that lust was the last thing on his mind! All she'd done was make an utter fool of herself - and probably lost her job in the bargain!

Al was about to round the desk when he saw the piece of paper in his typewriter. He took it out and smoothed it as he

**"Her eyes widened
at the curving scimitar
that lanced from his loins.
She'd never taken on a
salami that large before."**

read it, his eyes going over the words three times before they penetrated.

"Dear Al," the note said. "I've done everything I can think of to attract your attention, and you've ignored me. Well, I figure you can't ignore this. If you want me, you can have me - any way you want. If not, I gave it my best shot. Clarissa."

Late Friday night, Clarissa let herself into the plant. The cleaning crews were gone and she knew the security guards' routine well enough to avoid them all. She let herself into Al's office and closed the door quietly. Enough light spilled in from the parking lot polyarcs to show her what she needed to see.

Clarissa knew she had to work fast before she lost her nerve so she wasted no time. She stripped off her coat and wiggled out of her dress, folding them both over a chair. Then she sat at Al's typewriter and typed out her message to him, leaving the paper in the machine. She opened her purse and took out the coil of rope and the leather wrist cuffs Kate had given her.

Clarissa stood on a chair, stretching on tiptoe to thread rope through an eyebolt in the ceiling. She knew it was sunk firmly into a rafter above because she'd been there when Al installed it to hold a hanging plant basket - long since deceased. Then, still standing on the chair, she bent over and tied her ankles together, jerking the ropes good and tight. She winced a little at the pressure of the hemp and she felt hot tingles of arousal in her crotch as she went higher and tied her knees together. Then she slid the free end of the ceiling rope through her wrist cuffs and tied it tight so the open cuffs dangled just above her eye level. She licked her lips nervously and took the gag from her purse, fitting it tightly into her mouth and strapping it behind her head. She took a deep breath and yanked the roller buckle painfully tight, eyes popping open as the ball spurted between her teeth and parted her jaws. It hurt, but she could stand it. She just hoped she could stand the rest of her plan!

She managed to fasten the wrist cuffs snugly around her wrists despite the awkward angle. She stood, trembling, swaying slightly on her bound feet. Then she took another deep breath, closed her eyes, and kicked the chair over on the carpeted floor.

She plummeted downward perhaps six inches before the rope on her wrists came taught with a jerk. She groaned with pain, feeling sudden fire in her shoulders. Her body spun slowly this way and that and she felt as if her arms were tearing out of their sockets. She blinked tears, not having realized just how much it would hurt - but there was nothing she could do about it now.

She'd made sure of that herself. There was no way to get herself loose, and the gag prevented her from calling for anyone else. She swung back towards the rest of the room and saw the lighted digital clock on Al's desk. 2:35 - and he wouldn't be in until 8:00 or 9:00 at the earliest. She bit at her gag and tried to tell herself she hadn't made a terrible mistake.

Al stared at the note in disbelief, but there was no denying its content. Clarissa had sneaked in here - probably late last night - and hung herself up like a side of beef, just to attract his

"He slowly & carefully greased his hard shaft of male meat, then aligned himself with her virgin butthole & slid in."

attention. The seriousness of her interest in him was suddenly clear, even if he'd never heard of anyone going to such lengths to declare it!

His first instinct was to take her down immediately and assure her that he got the message. Then, maybe a little later, they could move on to more pleasurable pursuits. If she wanted him that badly, then by God she could have him! But then his other instincts began to probe at him. He'd never had an opportunity like this before. She'd tied herself up, gagged herself, and left herself alone with him in the deserted plant. Why, he could do *anything* to her - and he even had her permission to do it!

Al argued sternly with himself. He shouldn't take advantage of her this way! But wasn't she begging him to? And besides...

The "besides" were his hormones. Al was as lusty as the next man, and the sight of Clarissa's helpless charms had a disturbing effect on his libido which he couldn't deny and didn't want to. There were things he'd always wanted to do with a woman, yet had never done. Here was the golden opportunity, presented to him on the proverbial silver platter.

Al folded the note carefully and laid it on the blotter, then turned to survey Clarissa more closely. He could see the pain in her brown eyes, and the pleading helplessness in their depths. Was she pleading to be released? Maybe she was - but he preferred to think she was asking for something else. Something he'd much rather do.

Al reached out and stroke her fluttering, sweaty belly. Clarissa's eyes widened at the touch of his hot hand on her chilled flesh. The juices began to bubble deep inside her, superheated in a strange way by her helplessness and her long yearning for the moment he noticed her. She managed to push her belly against his hand and saw his eyebrows rise in speculation. Then his hands rose higher, squeezing her breasts through the satin, tickling her erect nipples. She moaned and quivered, swaying from her numb arms and closing her eyes in surrender as he slid a hand into her panties and cupped her crotch, forcing his fingers between her roped thighs. She felt him pressing her clitoris and knew her juices were pooling in the palm of his hand.

Al nodded to himself. She was hot, all right - hotter'n a nine dollar pistol. He decided to take that as confirmation and pro-

ceeded to do what he really wanted to do. He began to remove his own clothing.

Clarissa stared in some confusion as he peeled his shirt from his powerful chest and shoulders. Why wasn't he taking her down to make love to her? Maybe that would come later, after he had his clothes off. She watched eagerly as he removed his trousers and shorts, exposing a rampant erection far larger than she had expected. Her eyes widened at the curving scimitar that lanced from his loins and she felt a momentary quiver of fear. She'd never taken a cock *that* large before!

Al opened a desk drawer and took out a tube of ointment. Clarissa wondered what he was going to do with it, but he moved around behind her before she could see. She tried to turn her head, but her aching arms were in the way, so she didn't see Al slowly and carefully greasing his hard shaft of male meat. He spread the ointment thickly before he was satisfied.

Al moved closer behind his unexpected treasure and untied her knees. Clarissa sighed with relief as the rope came away - maybe he was going to untie her now. But Al had other plans. He gripped a thigh in either hand and lifted Clarissa slightly, easing the stress on her arms and opening the crevice of her ass. Clarissa moaned with relief as the tension came off her arms, sure now he was going to free her. But he didn't. Instead he aligned himself carefully with her virgin anus and slid forward, dropping her lower with the same motion.

Clarissa's eyes bulged in shock and pain as white hot fire seared into her ass. She writhed and bucked, squealing through her nose in feminine anguish. But it was useless - the penetration had been too quick, too powerful. He was already inside her before she even knew he was going to attack!

She moaned as he stood absolutely motionless, buried to the shaft in her bowels. Friction pain seared along her nerves, and he was so huge she thought her bowels must split with the pressure. The heat of his hard maleness radiated into her like a white hot spike. No one had *ever* fucked her ass before. It *hurt*!!

Then one of Al's hands reached around in front of her. She moaned again as it trailed fingers through her chestnut love curls, stroking her gently. She stared down between the slopes of her straining breasts and jerked in surprise as his fire-finger penetrated her, crooking inside her sheath to press against his cock through her inner tissues. The sensation was indescribable - but it was wantonly arousing, too, despite the pain in her ass. And his knuckle nudged gently against her clitoris, each touch jolting her with flashes of electric tension. She moaned and quivered, unable to cope with the sensations coursing through her intimate flesh. She didn't know if she felt agony or bliss!

Then he began to move within her. She sobbed and her hands clenched into ivory-knuckled fists with the slow, tearing pain in her ass. Her muscles fought to lock him motionless, increasing her pain. But with every movement, his finger pressed against himself, trapping himself through her and filling her sheath while his knuckle brushed her clitoris into searing pleasure. She wept and moaned through her gag, but the confused maelstrom of sensations within her body defeated her efforts to comprehend them. Clarissa reached mental overload and went limp, surrendering passively to whatever Al wanted to do.

It worked a miracle! As soon as her muscles released their frenzied lock on his erection the pain in her ass faded to a fraction of what it had been. It still hurt, but the hurt was now far less than the pleasure blazing in her clitoris and breasts. She gasped with the sensation and her muscles gripped his finger like a vise. Then, fearfully, hesitantly, she gripped with her ass muscles. She heard Al gasp with pleasure even while fresh pain

Continued on page 46

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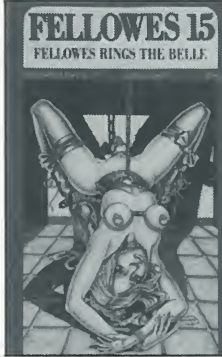
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it. Hopefully, Juanita, in the course of her B&D stay, will simply get what they want and get out. Hopefully! Miss Blankenship, not knowing too much about the B&D game, didn't count on Juanita being gagged from minute one!

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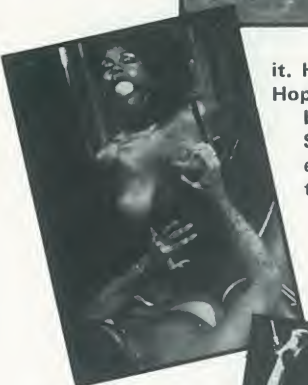
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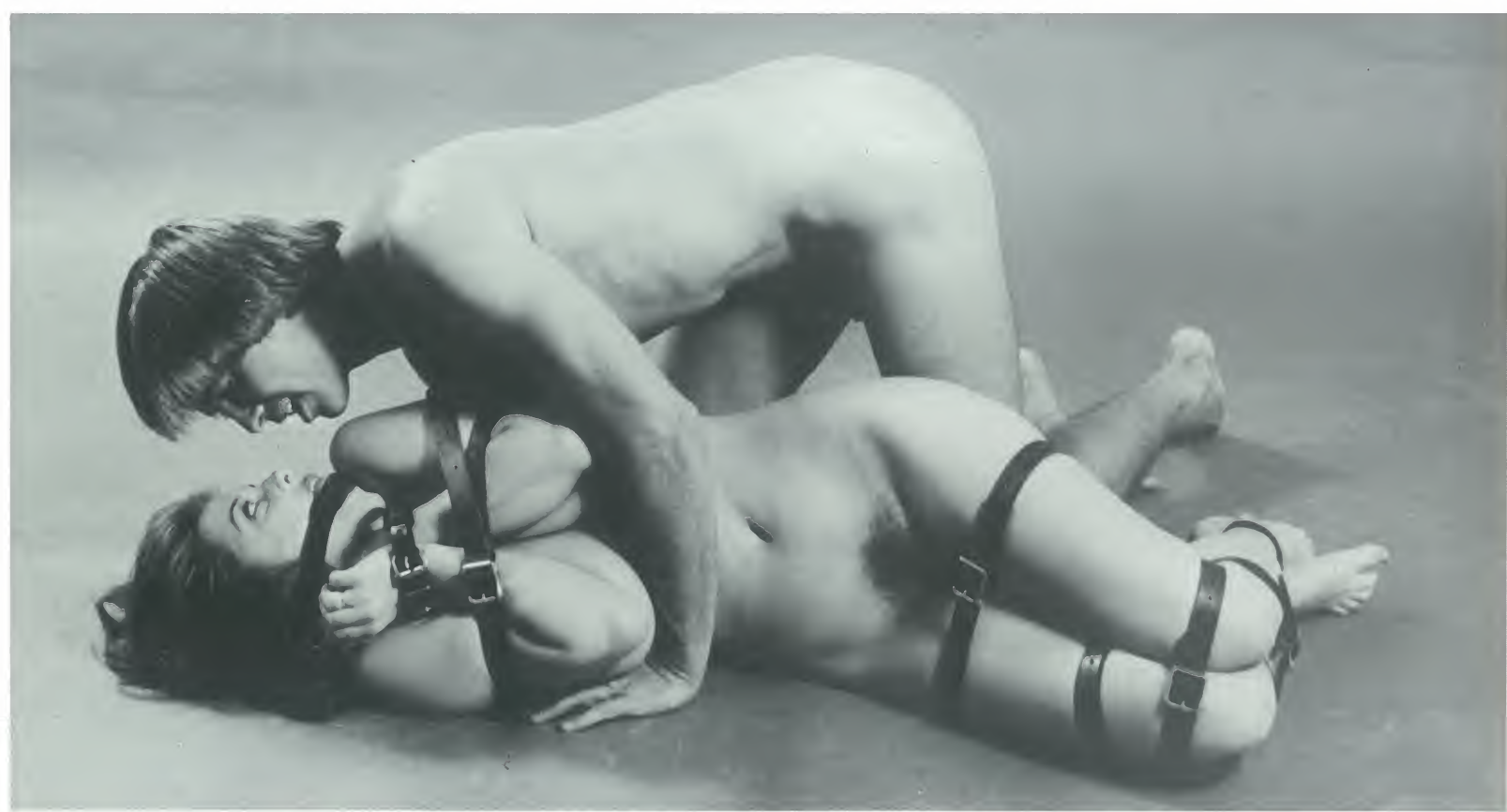






When June walked in our office for this shooting and saw Tom there they were both all smiles. Obviously they were "old friends". After clocking off three shots we found out just how "friendly" they were. They were oblivious to the fact that we were even there and just had a wonderful time.









Bondage Spectacular!

Two Widely Acclaimed Videotapes in Six Sensational Movies!

For those of you that missed the videotapes of **The Story of K** or **The Perils of Prunella**, here's great news - you can now have them both in regular 8 or super 8 film! *Alas, we can't bring you the sound with its mouth-watering moans* but we *can* offer you **ALL** of the exciting action of SM practitioners exploring their intense SM relationships.

As a special bonus we are offering three films for \$75 Or Get All Six For Only \$150!



An SM Reality
A sylvan scene of sensuous slavery. In a natural setting as lovely as the girl herself, a man and a girl explore the delights of roped submission, of a girl bound in helplessness to please The Male. She is immobilized to writhe in ecstasies of sensation beneath his cunning hands, to gasp and moan her responses to the summer wind, and to heave and thrust against the strictures in her skin as knowing hands reveal and explore the naked secrets of a girl.
K101 Reg/Sup/\$30.00



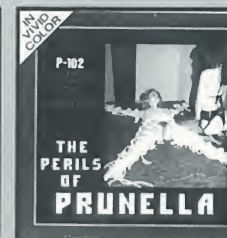
SM Intensity
Lesbian lust in a purity rarely seen! The delicious punishment of the spanking palm, the delightful kiss of submission, the binding to the torture pole where the wicked feather is the only instrument of torment, where the slim thongs of the stinging pussy whip snap up between the wide spread thighs . . . ! Then, in sweet realization, the binding bench and the snapping slap of padded buns, the gasping glory of a female heart's desire.
K102 Reg/Sup/\$30.00



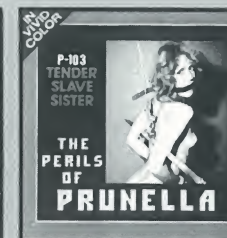
Queen of Servitude
A girl kneels naked before a man, bound helplessly by cord and conduct to his will. She is sentenced to a punishment more bizarre than the screen has ever seen, the torment of the forty pins. 'K.' is helplessly spreadeagled for the strangest punishment a girl has ever known. Released, she is suspended by wrists and ankles to become the plaything of a man and a girl, propelled into swinging motion by stinging paddle slaps upon her naked rump.
K103 Reg/Sup/\$30.00



A Tramp in Chains
An immaculate blonde returns from tennis to find her kidnapers waiting in her apartment. But Prunella is young and she is angry. She fights like a tigress, even handcuffs fall to daunt her spirit. But in the folds of a sleeping bag she loses her clothes and her freedom, and as a neat nude package of girl, is delivered to the waiting Man. Prunella has already met with her demanding Mistress, now she meets her stern, disciplinary Master!
P101 Reg/Sup/\$30.00



Princess of Anguish
It begins with lesbian love, a girl spread wide and bound tight, and the questing fingers and hungry tongue of the damsel who risks her Master's anger to slake her thirst upon a naked girl. One is handcuffed with her arms round a post to await her penalty, the other is taken to the punishment of hanging by her heels with handcuffed hands tightly belted to her belly. And then the ultimate anguish of an inflatable gag within Prunella's mouth.
P102 Reg/Sup/\$30.00



Tender Slave Sister
Emerging from the smothering bag in which she was delivered, thus begins Prunella's slavery. Suspended by her elbows from a bar, or standing on a block with widespread arms bound as to a cross, we watch Prunella with all the sinuous nudity of feminine revolt. Yoked at neck and wrists, Prunella stands with ankles firmly trapped below, her nakedness vulnerable to the mischief of female hands against which there is no defense.
P103 Reg/Sup/\$30.00

Still Available ~ The Videotapes That Swept the Marketplace!



Through the love and trust she feels for her Master, "Kathy" is transformed into the slave "K." An awesome, realistic SM film experience that has become a highly treasured classic.

A young woman is led into the world of SM. She likes the excitement and sensuality,

The Story of K

also the undivided attention of her Master focusing on her every response in their SM play. She becomes totally submissive to his will. The painful initiation Ceremony and Slave Whipping scenes are

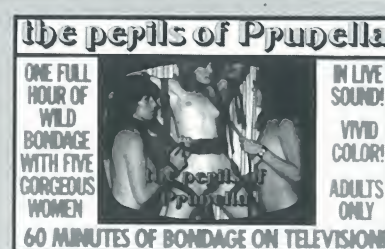
incredibly intense. The entire cast consists of real SM practitioners, and they explore the deep and intense emotional relationship between Master and slave. Only \$99.

This is the story of a young girl and her initial journey into the exciting world of submission, and the techniques are

The Perils of Prunella

varied. The motive is to take a whining, snivelling, hot trotting little blond bitch and teach her some manners. Prunella is a sharp tongued, pert and sassy ass-wiggling little pest. As the film progresses, four experienced and beautiful women take a crack at taming the wench.

She is trapped, shackled and tied in an incredible marathon of bondage, subjugation and servitude by her four skimpy clad Mistresses. They utilize such devices as the rotating "X" frame, a bondage cross and a stretching rack! Prunella is truly a hot little bitch and you are sure to enjoy her training, not to mention her sexy trainers! Don't fail to miss it! Only \$99.



BOTH only \$175.

- | | | | |
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The Feminine Touch



What could be more erotic than one girl manipulating another until she is so sensitized that a mere whisper drives her into an erotic frenzy? Nothing! We were lucky enough to get Angel and Pam in front of our cameras to display Angel's talent of arousing Pam while helplessly bound and unable to prevent it.



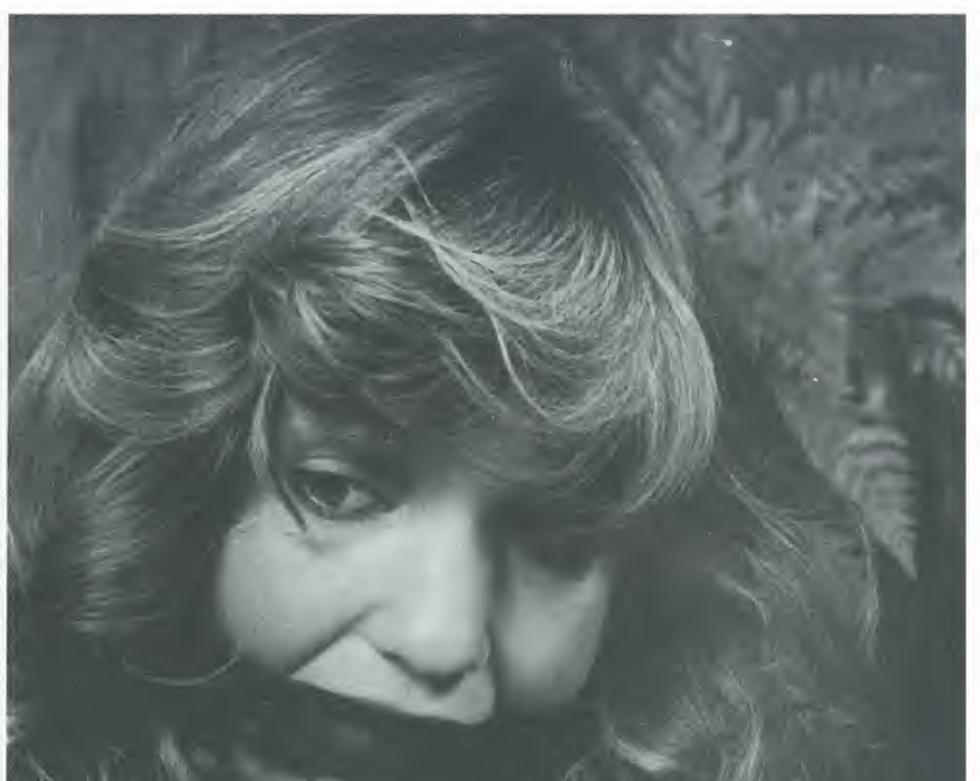
Our cameras had
a hard time keeping
up with the action.
We never knew
exactly what Angel
would do next.
We were always plea-
santly surprised.





Pam, panting with desire, looks at Angel with her big brown eyes pleading for her to squelch the fire she started. Angel just bent down and kissed the damsel in dire distress on her ball-gag.









We knew Pam would want to get even so we invited her back the next week to do a movie with us—only this time she gets the upper hand. You won't want to miss it . . . "Sore Looser!" . . . in regular and super 8 for \$30.00 from HOM.





Angel teases Pam's erect nipples with her long finger-nails while Pam moans into her gag. Wonder what she could be saying?





ADULTS ONLY